

JAS†RZAB

* * * * *

JASTRZAB-NUMBER SIX--MAY 25, 1972. JASTRZAB, a journal of postal Diplomacy and other inflictions of the mind is pieced together by Stan Wróbel, Seven Poland Village Blvd., Poland, Ohio 44514. Phone: 216-7574140 after 9:30 evenings (EST). Subscription Rate: 10/\$1.50. Game fees: \$4.00

GAME OPENINGS: Game Two of regular Diplomacy is filled. See Page 10 for details. Game Three still has openings available...one registered. To register, submit country preference list only. Game fees will be called for with Spring 1901 orders when a game is filled. House Rules are available upon request.

DIPLO-CON.V. The International Game Show in Chicago July 22 and 23, 1972. A Wizard, a Viking, a tall, dark stranger, and a little Bird have made plans to attack Chicago on these dates. For further information, contact Lenard Lakofka, 4970 N. Marine Dr., Apt 525, Chicago, Ill. 60640. Youngstown, the original hot-bed of Diplomacy (that's not quite true) will be well represented. Sigh...I hope Carol Buchanan is there...have to find out how Wlater gets her typing so regularly.

THE BEYERLEIN PLOY. The submission of Fall moves conditional upon Summer retreats or the submission of Spring moves conditional upon Winter builds or retreats is perfectly legal. I would consider adding this to JASTRZAB house rules only if it were illegal and needed a separate rule stating so.

COA: PAUL BOND, 221 EAST RIDGEWOOD, GARLAND, TEXAS 75041

COA's and VACATIONS: I would appreciate all players informing me of their location during the summer months (if different from the usual addresses by which the past issues have come to you) and dates when players will be out of touch of their mails. GENERAL ORDERS are strongly recommended **for these months if you are moving about.**

Publishing Hints: In Issue Three or so, we attempted a pictorial introduction of the players in WAR OF THE RINGS. Attempted is the right word...the results were self-explanatory: a disaster. However, undaunted, Ye old Eddie attacked the local Gestner office again! Included within find the results of our second attempt at electro-stencils. While laying seige to said office, Ye old Eddi discovered the whys and wherefores of our first failure....it seems one must peel the backing off the electro-stencil before insertion into the duplicating machine....perhaps that may serve as some clue for our reversal in our first try??? Yes, I really am Polish when it comes to instructions.

DELAY IN PUBLICATION: several non-related reasons have delayed this issue. None are worth repeating here.

Diplomacy Note: Have you ever noted the absence of "Sincerely" as a closing note in our negotiations with your friends and allies. Rob Keathley brings this little gem to our attention. Perhaps, just perhaps, this may give you a clue to the sincerity of that player when responding to your latest entreatments...think about it.

* * * * *
 TUULE 3020 WAR OF THE RINGS! 1972Dcx

MORDOR (KONING): TA ITHILIEN TO PELARGIR. /ROUTED, RETREATS TO SOUTH ITHILIEN/
DA RIVENDALE TO BEORN.
 DA N.WILDERLANDS (S) DA RIVENDALE TO BEORN.
 DA DEAD MARSHES TO EMIN MUIL.
 DA ISEN TO PENNITH GELIN.
 DA RUEN TO CARNEN.
SA UMBAR TO HARONDOR.
SA UDON TO LAGORLAND.
SA DOL GULDER TO BROWNLANDS.
SA MINAS MORGUL TO ITHILIEN

GONDOR (BOND): DA ANORIEN (S) SA PELARGIR TO ITHILIEN.
SA TOLFAIAS TO HARONDOR.
SAPELARGIR TO ITHILIEN.
 SA MINAS TIRITH (S) SA PELARGIR TO ITHILIEN.

ROHAN (SMYTHE): DA EAST EMNET TO RAUROS.
 SA FANGORN WOODS TO WORD.
 SA ISENGARD TO GAP OF ROHAN.
 SA EDORAS TO LAMENON.
 SA WEST EMNET (S) SA ISENGARD TO GAP OF ROHAN.

ELVES(KEATHLEY): DA MORIA TO EREGION.
 SA MIRKWOOD (S) SA BEORN. ((NOT ENOUGH!!!))
SA BEORN (S) DWARF DA ANDUIN'S VALE TO MT.GUNDABAD. /ROUTED, RE-
SA LORIEN WOOD TO BROWNLANDS. TREATS TO
ANDUIN'S
VALE./

MEN (JUST)* NO ORDERS RECEIVED.
 DA CARNEN STANDS.
 SA ESGAROTH STANDS.
 SA THARBAD STANDS.
 SA DALE STANDS.

DWARVES (KEY) DA ANDUIN/S VALE TO MT. BUNDABAD.
 SA SHIRE TO ERED LUIN II
 SA EREBOR TO ERED MITHRIN II.

UNDERLINED MOVES DO NOT SUCCEED. MY THANKS TO MORDOR AND GONDOR FOR SUPPLYING RETREATS WITH THEIR ORDERS. EVERYONE COOPERATING WOULD MAKE THIS GAME MUCH SMOOTHER. EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, ERIC JUST IS FORCED TO RESIGN FOR PERSONAL REASONS. THE QUESTION IS HOW DO WE REPLACE A SEVEN FOOT GIANT, WEIGHING LORD KNOWS HOW MANY TONS? ERIC WAS THE ONLY MAN WE KNOW CAPABLE OF PLAYING ALL THE MEN AT THE SAME TIME. AT ANY RATE, THIS GAME WILL BE DELAYED UNTIL A SUITABLE PLAYER, BOTH FROM THE STANDPOINT OF EXPERIENCE AND GIRTH (REALLY JUST KIDDING, ERIC!) CAN BE LOCATED. THE REASON FOR THE DELAY IS SIMPLE...THE GAME REQUIRES ALL PLAYERS BEING ACTIVE AND IN COMMUNICATION FOR EFFECTIVENESS. TO SET A DEADLINE AT THIS TIME WOULD BE RASH JUDGEMENT ON MY PART. I WILL ENDEAVOR TO FIND A SUITABLE REPLACEMENT AND WILL ADVISE EACH PLAYER OF THE REPLACEMENT WHEN FOUND. THEN, AND ONLY THEN, WILL I SET A DEADLINE FOR MOVES. BEING A FOUR FOOT FLYWEIGHT ENABLE ME TO POKE FUN AT ANY OF THE PLAYERS IN THE GAME.

* * * * *

THE BATTLE OF ITHILIEN

Conrad the Tall, Earl Marshall of Gondor and Lord of the Marches, surveyed the army he had assembled for a defence of Ithilien against the Dark Lord. A lump rose in his throat...part of the haunch of wilderbeeste they had had for breakfast. He proceeded to count the host of his soldiery. "One," he said, holding up a finger. "Two." "Three." "Many." It was the only other number he knew. This was a disadvantage since it kept him from being able to calculate the desertion rate before his forces got down to three men, but at the rate things were going, that wouldn't be long. Anyway, he proudly surveyed his force, astride their Merino sheep, waiting for the great battle against the minions of the arch-baddy, John B. Sorhed.

"Bleat!" said Conrad's mount, Shearshy. "Bleat, bleat!"

"Whoa, big fellow!" Conrad said, as his wooly steed showed signs of nervousness. "Steady there!" He knew what was on his brave battle-ram's mind, but he disapproved. He couldn't desert before all his men did. "Probably the day after tomorrow..." he thought. He decided to speak to his men. "Men," he shouted, "I exhort you to be brave in the battle that is coming! It will be hard and horrible, I know, for the Dark Lord is indeed a formiddable opponent, but I want you to stand firm. Though he has dragons in his employ, and many narcs, and zombies, and great wolves, and other slimy things too horrible to contemplate, and though he send them all against us, we must stand our ground unflinchingly and die like soldiers of Gondor!" A faint rustling in the underbrush at the back of his troop, moving away, told him that his speech had had the desired effect.

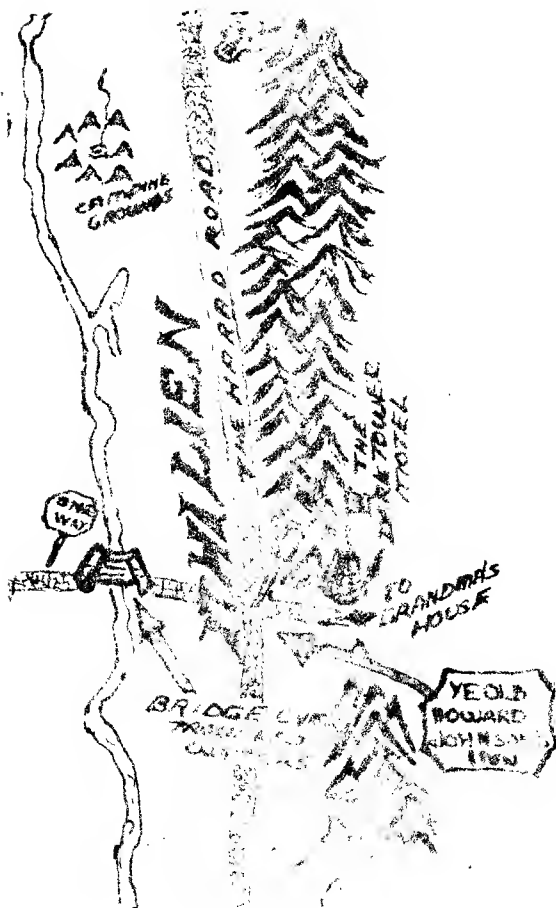
Suddenly, the faint rustling moving away turned into loud rustling coming back. Several terrified riders burst into the clearing, their mounts wide-eyed and bleating with fear. "Narcs!!" screeched one rider. Hanging a sign

("FREE. TAKE ONE") on the neck of his Merino, he dived under a pile of old leaves.

A frantic search for other leaf piles was underway when several bloodthirsty narcs appeared. "We must meet this threat!" cried Conrad the Tall, ordering his bugler to sound "Retreat".

Well, sir, those Merino sheep and their riders took off, lickitty-split, for the Anduin River. The Jolly Old Sun laughed to see the merry chase, while Mother West Wind sang lullabies among the branches of the trees. It goes without saying that curious Peter Cottontail popped up to see what the commotion was, and he certainly would have been trampled--if any sheep had been headed that way. And sure enough, one of those old Merino sheep ran right into a pukel-man and knocked himself silly. He almost fell on top of crafty ol'Reddy Fox, who had been waiting to catch a stray sheep and wouldn't you know that here came one right there nearby. "That Reddy Fox has all the luck," chuckled Peter Cottontail, wondering if sheep tasted any better than carrots and cabbage. And Mother West Wind kept singing as Jolly Mr. Sun began to sink toward the Purple Mountains.

Out running the narcs was no problem. Their huge black prokers were no match for



THE BATTLE OF ITHILIEN cont...

the swift sheep. Of course, the men who had lost their mounts were already across the river, but the sheep would reach the shore soon and Conrad was thinking about how to get across without having to fight first. But suddenly, a cry of terror and dismay spread throughout the firm ranks of his hysterically fleeing and rapidly dissolving command. "The Nozdrul! The Nozdrul are COMING!!!!"

Sure enough, astride their huge black pelicans, the dread Nozdrul came swooping down. The terrified Gondorites could hear their piercing warcries: "Sorhed, Sorhed, sissbombah, bycracky! John B. Sauron ash-ken sporiasis kikimore blakbart torkemada!"

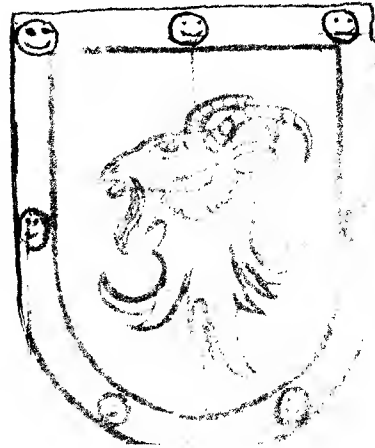
Lord Conrad shouted defiance at the new foe. "I want my Mommy!"

Suddenly the pursuing narcs saught up with one of Lord Conrad's slower men. Instantly they seized him, threw him into the river, and began tearing his Merino into quivering hunks of mutton. The daring imagination of Conrad the Tall immediately conceived a plan of escape. The rest of his men, quick witted as ever, also got the idea. Almost as one, they dismounted, tied their mounts to a nearby bush or rocks.

"Tis a far, far better thing I do..," mumbled Conrad. "Farewell, Shearshy, brave warrior." The whole bunch then flung themselves in the river, swimming like mad for Anorien. Once across, they watched the swarm of narcs, pigs, Nozdrul, and pelicans roasting great chunks of sheep, wool and all. Across the river came the sound of wicked laughter, raunchy narc-songs, even raunchier Nozdrul-songs, chewing, smacking of lips, crunching of bones, greedy oinking, and terrified bleating (which gradually faded away).

To his delight, Conrad perceived that some of the sheep had escaped in the confusion, and had made it across the river. "Shearshy, old bean!!!" he cried, as he saw his faithful mount. He drew near, and the last thing he saw was Shearshy's horns, lowered and heading at him full tilt. He didn't recover consciousness for five days.

COAT OF ARMS OF
CONRAD THE TALL



Per pale gules and Or a goat's head erased countercharged all with a border of the fifth charged with seven bezants.
(Family name: NOVEKSTEM)



...always a good ending for a battle.

THE BATTLE OF ISENGARD

When the time of cold grudgingly gives way to the warm puffs of the early spring breezes the people of Rohan prepare for war. So it came as no surprise to everyone that when spring arrived the Harolds of Rohan rode through West Ennet, calling for the great clans to muster around the Horse Banner of Rohan. Because it was the Eorle of Rohan's intent to drive Saruman from Isengard and to destroy his orc armies, Johan ordered the muster to take place before Poo'pot, the immense fortress of the Poo'locks.

Twenty days after the calling there gathered at Poo'pot the Sten of 'Hrobél, Eorle of the Poo'locks; Yawn of Boredom, Eorle of the Communie; and Lord Halle, Captain of the House Churle of Meduseld and Harold of Rohan. After nine days of futile planning the Eorles and Lord Halle led the Host of West Ennet towards the fortress of Isengard.

The campaign was the ninth in nine years for the Host of West Ennet. Eight times the Host marched to Isengard and eight times the Host was broken by the orcs of Saruman and the orc's very worst meanny, Konic. Fortunately, the eight diasters in eight attempts caused the great Sten of 'Hrobél to begin questioning the value of Iron and Steel as weapons against the brutal meanness of the orcs. After only eight months of questioning and thinking the innovative Sten of 'Hrobél devised a scheme to overcome the orcs of Saruman. His scheme was simple (as are most Poo'lock schemes). If the meanness of the orcs can not be overcome by iron and other weapons, he reasoned, perhaps the meanness could be overcome by goodness. Thus inspired, Sten of 'Hrobél ordered the women of Poo'pot to prepare goodies. For thirty days and thirty-three nights a veritable river of cakes, pies, kollacki, cookies, breads, sweetmeats, pastries, and assorted etc. flowed from the kitchens. Because of the gargantuan efforts of the women and the inspired leadership of Sten of 'Hrobél, on the day the Host of West Ennet marched on Isengard each warrior carried a huge goodie bag, loaded with goodies, in addition to the usual compliment of weapons.

So it happened that twenty nine days after the calling the great Host of West Ennet left Poo'pot for Isengard. Over rivers and vales the mighty Host marched. And in only forty five days (a new record) the Host covered the nine miles that separate Poo'pot and Isengard. On the morn of the forty-sixth day since leaving Poo'pot, Sten of 'Hrobél arranged the West Ennet Host before Isengard. On the right were the Clan Cavalry of the Poo'locks. On the left was Yawn of Boredom with his Communie. The retouñtable House Churls of Meduseld and the Poo'lock Pikemen formed the center. Sten of 'Hrobél remained with the Pikemen.

Opposing this brave array was the worst collection of meanies ever assembled. 12,000 Orcs and 400 Uruks were formed in a long black line, twenty orcs deep. With the approach of the Rohirrim and with Saruman leading the rthym section, the orcs commenced their war step (left foot, left foot, drag the right foot; left foot, left foot, drag the right foot; etc.) down Isen Hill. "Hoot!, Hoot! Hoo-O-t! rang across the Field of Isengard as the orc war cry was hooted over and over again by the rank upon rank of orcs. "Left foot, left foot, drag the right foot", the orcs closed with the thin grey line, which was rapidly becoming thinner as the more intelligent heroes fled the battle field. In the center of the first rank was Konic. Borne along by the black tide, he jumped, skipped, leaped, and made obscene gestures with his toes, as he waved his weapons in a threatening manner. ((BUT WAS IT BLOODTHIRSTY??))

The first to break were the Communie. Led by Yawn of Boredom they streamed to the rear at a rather fast pace for which the Communie are justly famous. On the right, the Poo'lock Cavalry became badly disorganized by the orc advance. Only the center held firm. Led by Sten of 'Hrobél, the Poo'lock Pikemen charged, viciously throwing their goodies at the orcs. Bom-Boms, pies, cakes, and assorted etc. fell upon the hapless orcs and uruks. The first to be struck was the arch emany Konic, who was hit in the left eye by a savagely thrown custard cream lady finger. Immediately, the eye closed because of a vast allergic reaction to good-

THE BATTLE OF ISENGARD cont...

ness. Stumbling backward, Konic screamed in pain. Before he could recover, a virgin's cherry pie struck him on his unmentionables. Stunned, he fell and began scratching first one unmentinnable and then another and another.

To save his life the orcs had to drag him from the battle field. So deadly was the Poo'locks barrage of goodies that in a matter of moments the first three ranks of orcs fell withering to the ground, a heap of hives. Unnerved by the new weapons, the surviving orcs began to retreat, sufferring terribly. With the arch-meany unconscious and with the uruks all but annihilated, Saruman barely avoided the total destruction of his orc armies. Even so, Isengard was lost. Saruman, Konic, and the remnants of the orc armies began a long retreat that ended only after reaching Isen.

With the orc armies defeated and in full retreat, the Host of West Emnet entered Isengard without opposition. The Uruk garrison had fled. Enough arms and armor were collected from the orc and uruk dead to equip the new levies being raised in West Emnet and Edoras. Sten of 'Hrobel's victory was hailed as Meduseld as the mightest fete of arms since the days of Eorle the Young. As a reward for his achievements he was given a three metre Kollachi to hang over his fireplace at Poo'pot. Yawn of Boredom was given thirty pieces of silver, and Lord Halle was presented with the Steward's third daughter of his seventh marriage. A fair damsel, Hurdie Gurdy bore Lord Halle twenty-seven sons in the twenty years of their marriage before Lord Halle passed away.

* * * * *

FROM HIS REFUGE IN ISEN, SARUMAN WAS HEARD TO COMMENT, "IT TOOK ONLY THIRTY DAYS FOR THE WOMEN OF ROHAN TO BRING FORTH ALL THOSE GOODIES, BUT THEY ARE FAR DEADLIER THAN THE CREAMPUFFS IT TAKES THEM NINE MONTHS TO PRODUCE."

* * * * *

THE MIDDLE EARTH MAIL BAG:

To: The Dark Tower, R.M. Sauron, proprietor.

FROM: The free feminine Spirit dwelling in the woods.

Sir: Did you get your ring back yet? No? I thought as much, for after taking a long look into my pool I can tell many things.

You have said, "To rule over each family of beings they set up a King". This is true. However, with your being a male C.P.*, I am surprised that you didn't think of asking the Queens to assist you in getting back your precious little ring. After all, what woman can resist a tall, dark stranger? And you, dear Samron, are by far the strangest.

It is clear in your letter to the free "peoples" of Middle Earth that you intend to force your will upon them. Isn't it always like a man to start a war over wealth, power and possessions! I forsee that the free people will not stand still and allow you to annihilate them. They will, with a little help from the Ents, the U.S.ARMY, Captain Kangaroo, and the Fifth Dimension overcome you!

Let me put you on to something else on which you are not perfectly clear-- a witch is a female who practices black magic. Therefore, Spiro T, Angmar is neither the right gender or color.

I will lend my support to the free little people in this struggle. Surely you realize the ending of the story...Mother Nature, The West Winds, and Mom's apple pies will not be trifled with. If everyone does their part, according to the plan, Sauron and his forces will be meeting Satan shortly.

* THIS DOES NOT STAND FOR CERTIFIED PUBLICAN

P.S. To the Men of the North and Eric the Just: Beware of Men on horseback... they are for the most part asses.

* * * * *

The first year of the Lord Sauron's war to recover his Ring has seen many strange sights (as a perusal of the pages of the JASTRZAB GAZETTE will testify) ((ED: I'LL DRINK TO THAT)) and not a few deeds of daring. Perhaps the strangest and the most daring, however, was the little known raid the preceded Lord Sauron's capture of Ithilien.

Knowing that the upstart Gondor leaders were meeting in an Inn (where else?) in Ithilien, the high command of Mordor resolved to take them all and thus measurably shorten that portion of the war which concerned the annihilation of Gondor. Therefore, on the night before the battle, when the intelligence service of his assistant had determined that the Gondorese leaders were gathering, Richard M. Sauron planned with his right hand Spiro T. Angmar to bag the lot of them.



SPIRO T. ANGMAR

"It is important that we take all the Gondor leaders, Spiro, so every exit must be covered. Be certain, therefore, that you have sufficient forces to accomplish that task."

"Yes, B'wana," said Angmar sharpening his fingers.

"We especially want the chief simpleton, or whatever they call him, Conrad the Tall. Make you sure that he is taken."

"Yes, Sahib," said the Chief of the Nazgul, wringing imaginary necks between his talons.

"And, Spiro, as worthless as they are alive, these Gondor jackals have even less value if they are dead. Be no rougher than necessity dictates...and take them alive."

"Yowzah, Boss, Yowzah!" shouted the Witch-King, gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes as he broke into a spontaneous soft-shoe. "Alive... or a reasonable fascimile thereof."

And so it came to pass that exactly at the stroke of midnight the forces of Mordor were arrayed about a small inn in Ithilien. As there were believed to be almost a dozen Gondor leaders in the common room of the inn, the Witch-King had brought sufficient forces to assure their capture. Sauron himself had come along to supervise the raid. At his signal, they struck.

It was a fearsome assault. Hugh battering rams smashed the doors from their hinges. Through the splintered remains of one door strode Richard M. Sauron, leading the Second Orc Panzer Division.

Through a second door came the Witch-King Spiro T. Angmar, pushing a catapult with a flaming bundle ready to fire. Behind him thundered the cruel men of Harad, riding the oliphants.

Through the main window leaped a pack of Trolls accompanied by a herd of maddened pigs. Down the stairway poured the Corsairs of Umbar and packs of wargs and bears. From the rafters swooped clouds of vampire bats.

From behind the bar arose a hundard fierce drunkards. Through ether entrances rushed dragons, mice, whooping cranes, and the rest of the Nazgul. Through cunningly concealed traps in the floor arose a trio of Balrogs accompanied by rats, night ghaunts, and hordes of the dreaded Tcho-Tche people. Out of the woodwork scrambled an army of termites.

Spiro T. Angmar had really outdone himself for this assault.

"Hands up!" ordered Sauron. The dragons roared. The wolves howled. The pigs snorted. The termites chitterred. "Ki yi yippee yippee yippe-yea!" yelled Spiro T. Angmar, who was fond of displaying his knowledge of obscure battle cries.

The forces of Mordor stared into the room for a second, stunned by the force of their entrance. Then...

cont...

TALES OF MIDDLE EARTH Chapter 3 cont.

"Have at you!" shrieked Spiro T, Angmar as his flashing sword demolished the only lamp in the room. The ensuing darkness was criss-crossed by streams of fire from the dragons and the flame-throwers of the orcs. Angmar's catapults began to heave burning missiles across the room. Lightning flashed from Sauron's fingertips. The silence of the night was shattered by cries of rage and pain, snarls and grunts, and a pandemonium of breaking wood, cracking bones, and smashing glassware.

Struck from behind by what felt suspiciously like the blow of a Troll's hammer, the Witch-King rolled under a table and emerged on the other side to grasp the leg of an opponent. As the other struggled to be free, Angmar cried "Augh!" and sank his teeth into the limb.

In the dim it was difficult to tell just who was winning.

Meanwhile, the innkeeper sat on his doorstep, shaking his head sadly as he listened to the tumult inside. A tall stranger, clad inconspicuously in green with a large brown shopping bag pulled casually over his face, strolled by and, hesitating, cocked his head at the noise. Peering at the inn, he inquired, "What's that all about?"

"Oh, some crowd from Mordor," replied the innkeeper. "I don't know why we get all the wild ones. Last night it was the Genreal Staff from Gondror, and they caroused until they left this morning. Now this bunch. I don't know what Middle Earth is coming to."

"I do," said Dirac Nelson, and passed on his way.

Inside, as the smoke cleared Angmar gazed around him at the carnage. Not a stick of furniture nor a piece of glassware remained. The tapestries had been burned from the walls and the beams of the ceiling still smoked fitfully. The slaughter had been terrible. The bodies of trolls, men, orcs, dragons, rats, bats, wolves, pigs, drunkards, termites, whooping cranes, and others were strewn about in tattered heaps. Of the men of Gondor there was no trace.

"Angmar!" thundered the voice of Sauron. "They have escaped!"

"Yes, they seem to have." said the Witch-King, looking hopefully under a few bodies, "but one of them won't get far. I fixed him..." The Witch-King noticed that the Dark Lord was limping badly.

"Do you know what one of those brutes did, Spiro? He actually bit me! I hope his teeth rot! Now, what were you saying about fixing one of them?"

"Oh, nothing sire," said Angmar, fingering his teeth, which were already beginning to feel soft, "Nothing."

* * * * *

* * * * * FALL 1901 1972 AK JASTRZAB ONE

GERMAN PLANS FRUSTRATED!

AUSTRIA (HORTON): FLEET ALBANIA TO GREECE. ARMY BUDAPEST HOLDS.
ARMY SERBIA (S) FLEET ALBANIA TO GREECE.

ENGLAND (DAVIS): FLEET NORWEGIAN SEA TO NORWAY. ARMY EDINBURGH TO HOLLAND.
FLEET NORTH SEA (C) ARMY EDINBURGH TO HOLLAND.

FRANCE (BOYER): ARMY BURGUNDY TO BELGIUM. ARMY SPAIN HOLDS.
FLEET MID-ATLANTIC TO PORTUGAL.

GERMANY (BOULANGER): FLEET DENMARK TO NORTH SEA. ARMY KIEL TO HOLLAND.
ARMY RUHR TO BELGIUM.

ITALY (HENDRY): ARMY NAPLES TO TUNIS. FLEET IONIAN (C) ARMY NAPLES-TUNIS.
ARMY ROME HOLDS.

RUSSIA (ATTEBERRY): FLEET GULF OF BOTHENIA TO SWEDEN. ARMY UKRAINE TO RUMANIA.
ARMY GALICIA TO BUDAPEST. FLEET RUMANIA TO SEVASTAPOL.

TURKEY (KNUDSEN): FLEET CONSTANTINOPLE TO AEGEAN SEA. ARMY ANKARA TO CONSTAN-
TINOPLE. ARMY BULGARIA (S) ITALIAN ARMY NAPLES TO GREECE.
((NO SUCH ORDER))

UNDERLINED moves do not succeed. An unsupported attack on a convoying fleet cannot dislodge the fleet itself and hence cannot disrupt the convoying action. The German F Denmark-North Sea does not dislodge the English F North Sea. However, the convoyed piece was stood out of Holland by the German order A Kiel to Holland which also fails.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART-1901 GAINS vrs. ~~LOSSES~~

AUS: TRI, BUD, VIE, SER, GRE. (5...build two)
ENG: LON, LIV, EDI, NOR. (4...build one)
FRA: PAR, BRE, MAR, SPA, POR. (5...build two)
GER: KIE, MUN, BER, DEN. (4...build one)
ITA: ROM, VEN, NAP, TUN. (4...build one)
RUS: STP, WAR, MOS, SEV, SWE, RUM. (6...build two)
TUR: ANK, SMY, CON, BUL. (4...build one)
NEUTRAL: ~~SPA, POR, DEN, NOR, SWE, BEL, HOL, TUN, GRE, SER, BUL, RUM.~~ (LOSE 10...YOU WARMONGERS)

THE DEADLINE FOR WINTER 1901
BUILDS CONTINUES TO BE MAY 25,
1972.

ROME, ITALY: Offensive Coordinator Phil Esposito and Defensive Coordinator Tony Esposito have announced that they will set a record for supply centers and protecting the homeland. However, due to fighting over who will get the most recognition, their efforts have not been started.

LONGWY, FRANCE: General Pershing visited the front line troops while making a tour of the build-up proceedings for the invasion of Belgium. The troops were all dug in for a long trench war, but General Pershing got them going by setting off some Chinese firecrackers in the trenches. Now, we are attacking Belgium for the greater glory of France. General Pershing was heard to remark, "Monsieur, we have just begun to fight!" Later, when the French Second Army lagged in its attacks, the General made several not-so-nice statements which we will censor for the sake of the French tradition: CLEANLINESS is next to FRENCHINESS. Adieu.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA: The Polish government in exile announced that a contingent of Polish volunteers had organized themselves into an army brigade and attached themselves to the Austro-Hungarian Royal Cavalry. This was, of course, pretested by the Cavalry who feared for their horses.

Known as the Polish Unmounted Cavalry Kapps, and under the command of Colonel Dumbunski, they set out for the front carrying their saddles and vowing never to bathe until their homeland had been freed. On getting wind of their movements to the front, many of the Viennese were alarmed for the PUCKS were marching West and
cont...

the Viennese had been told the front was in the East.

Dispatches from the border tell of ferocious fighting between the Pucks and the "other guys". After three days of battle Colonel Dumbunski declared the capture of a small border town. It was regrettable that he discovered that the town had been trying to surrender for the past two days. While his troops had seen the white flag waving they didn't recognize it as such since the only white they had ever seen is a dirty grey. Furthermore, some of the glamor of the victory was dispelled when the Italian Mayor of the captured village informed Colonel Dumbunski that Italy and Austria-Hungary were allied, but added, "If we ever do go to war you will be the first I'll let know."

JASNY GORKI:so when will Dumbunski be allowed to transfer to the Warsaw front where he longs to be????

* * * * *
GAME FILLED! JASTRZAB TWO

The following seven have consented to join hands together in holy warfare. Before listing the player and their assigned countries, a note about how country assignments took place. Knudsen is playing Turkey in Jastrzab One, so I preferred that he not be assigned the same country twice. Therefore, Bob, you were assigned England. Conry, Almstrom, DeFrisco, and Tausch all had unique first choices for country preference. Therefore, they were assigned accordingly. Barents, being of stout heart, had no preference and was assigned Italy. Dastoli agreed to play Austria by default. These gentlemen and their countries are:

AUSTRIA: TONY DASTOLI, 1915 BEDFORD ROAD, LOWELLVILLE, OHIO 44436
ENGLAND: BOB KNUDSEN, 158 CASTLE CREST ROAD, WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. 94595
FRANCE: TOM CONRY, 6539 TOWNSEND ROAD, #69, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32210
GERMANY: JOHN DEFISCO, BOX 502, MANOR BRANCH, NEW CASTLE, DEL. 19740
ITALY: HERB BARENTS, 157 STATE STREET, ZEELAND, MICHIGAN 49464
RUSSIA: DAVID EDWARD TAEUSCH, P.O. BOX 1327, MIDLAND, MICHIGAN 48649
TURKEY: CHRIS ALMSTROM, 302-18 TESLIN STREET, WHITEHORSE, YUKON, CANADA

GENTLEMEN: The deadline for Spring, 1901 moves and game fees will be Thursday, June 22, 1972. Fees paid: Knudsen, Barents, Dastoli. Included with this issue should be a copy of JASTRZAB house rules. Please note the sections on General Orders, Telephone Orders, and the other rules pertaining to movement carefully. Opening statements (if any) will be printed if received by Thursday, JUNE 22, 1972. DAVE: HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO FLOOD THE WORLD WITH RELATIONS.

I was asked whether JASTRZAB games are cantered for novice players or for experienced players or for a mixture of both. In a recent issue of PFENNIG-HALBFENNIG, John McCallum published a rating system of all active postal diplomacy players. It would be easy to restrict players to games using these ratings as guidelines. Anyone below a certain level or not listed, between such and such a level, above such a point. However, and here I must confess that I am following Rod Walker's thinking more or less, a "novice player" cannot learn as much if playing with all novices as opposed to playing in a game mixed with novices and more experienced players. Certainly the more experience player may have some advantage in tactics and diplomacy. However, just being in contact with such a player should rub some valuable experience onto the typical novice. I hope this clears up the question. Therefore, GAME THREE in JASTRZAB still has openings in it, open to all players.

I HOPE TO ANNOUNCE THE BOARDMAN NO. . FOR THIS GAME BY THE 22nd. Players: please furnish your telephone numbers regardless if you wish collect calls placed to you.

As a footnote, HEHEHEHEH, Herb Barents would be the only player rated experienced in this game. Tony Dastoli is part of the Youngstown Diplomacy clique who suffers the attacks of John Smythe and John Koning, Tom Conry recently got married, Chris Almstrom has suffered with me in an ADAG game, Dave Tausch is Dave Tausch.

* * * * *

* * * * *
 FALL 1906 1969 CJ (BZ-2)

ENGLAND (ROLL): FLEET NORWEGIAN TO NORTH ATLANTIC. FLEET MID-ATLANTIC TO WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN. FLEET ENGLISH CHANNEL TO BREST. FLEET NORTH AFRICA TO TUNIS. FLEET SPAINsc TO GULF OF LYON. FLEET IRISH SEA TO MID-ATLANTIC.

GERMANY (CHILDS): FLEET PICARDY TO BELGIUM. ARMY GASCONY TO MARSAILLES. ARMY RUHR TO MUNICH. ARMY PIEDMONT TO TUSCANY. FLEET SWEDEN TO NORWAY. ARMY LIVONIA TO ST. PETERSBURG. ARMY MUNICH TO BOHEMIA. ARMY BURGUNDY (S) ARMY RUHR TO MUNICH. ARMY BERLIN TO SILESIA. FLEET BALTIC SEA TO GULF OF BOTHENIA.

ITALY (BOSKY): FLEET EASTERN MED. TO AEGEAN SEA. FLEET IONIAN TO TUNIS. ARMY BUDAPEST (S) ARMY SERBIA TO RUMANIA. ARMY SERBIA TO RUMANIA. ARMY ALBANIA TO SERBIA. ARMY VIENNA TO GALICIA. FLEET GREECE TO BULGARIAsc /ROUTED, RETREATS TO ALBANIA BY JRHR/. ARMY VENICE TO TYROLIA. ARMY ROME TO VENICE.

RUSSIA (KEATHLEY): ARMY SILESIA TO BERLIN. ARMY MOSCOW TO ST. PETERSBURG. ARMY WARSAW TO PRUSSIA.

TURKEY (WALKER): FLEET AEGEAN TO GREECE. ARMY GALICIA (S) ARMY RUMANIA TO BUDAPEST ARMY RUMANIA TO BUDAPEST /ROUTED, RETREATS TO SEVASTAPOL/. ARMY BULGARIA (S) FLEET AEGEAN TO GREECE. FLEET CONSTANTINOPLE TO SMYRNA.

UNDERLINED moves do not succeed.

SUPPLY CENTER CHARTS:

ENG: EDI, LON, LIV, ~~ROM~~, SPA, POR, BRE. (6...even)
 GER: BER, KIE, MUN, HOL, BEL, DEN, ~~PAR~~, MAR, SWE, STP, ~~BRE~~, ~~ROM~~. (11...build one...Kiel open)
 ITA: NAP, ROM, VEN, TUN, TRI, ~~ARE~~, VIE, SER, BUD, RUM. (9...even).
 RUS: ~~SEV~~, MOS, WAR. (2...remove one)
 TUR: CON, ANK, SMY, BUL, ~~ROM~~, GRE, SEV. (6...build one)

Before we allow Eric Just to disappear completely, we would like to solicit an interpretation of the JUST RIGHT HAND RULE as it applied to the retreat of the Turkish Army Bulgaria. Confusion centers around the calculation of the possible retreats open. How is a body of water (the Black Sea) calculated into this case. Eric, if you would, find some time to comment on this please. (I am also still waiting for that Polish Rocket...)

ROMA: The German attack on Mother Italy shall be Repulsed and her Island ally will be thrown from the Italian Lake (the Mediterranean)

JASNY GORKI:...now, now, girls, don't fight!

* * * * *
 WINTER 1906

ENGLAND: NO CHANGE. HAS FLEET NORTH ATLANTIC, FLEET WESTERN MED., FLEET BREST, FLEET NORTH AFRICA, FLEET GULF OF LYON, FLEET MID-ATLANTIC. (6)

GERMANY: BUILDS ARMY KIEL. HAS FLEET BELGIUM, ARMY MARSAILLES, ARMY MUNICH, ARMY TUSCANY, FLEET NORWAY, ARMY LIVONIA, ARMY BOHEMIA, ARMY BURGUNDY, ARMY BERLIN, FLEET GULF OF BOTHENIA, ARMY KIEL. (11)

ITALY: NO CHANGE. HAS FLEET AEGEAN SEA, FLEET IONIAN, ARMY BUDAPEST, ARMY RUMANIA, ARMY SERBIA, ARMY VIENNA, FLEET ALBANIA, ARMY TYROLIA, ARMY VENICE.

RUSSIA: REMOVES ARMY MOSCOW. HAS ARMY SILESIA, ARMY PRUSSIA.

TURKEY: BUILDS FLEET CONSTANTINOPLE. HAS FLEET GREECE, ARMY GALICIA, ARMY SEVASTAPOL, ARMY BULGARIA, FLEET SMYRNA.

* * * * *
 THE DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1907 MOVES WILL BE THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1972. GEE, BOB, WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN INTO ANOTHER GAME WITH ROD????
 * * * * *

* * * * * POLONIA POTPOURII * * * * *

Have you noticed how everyone is jumping on the Polonia bandwagon lately? Don Herton singing the praises of Colonel Dumbunski in this issue, SMUT*, #8, the gamezine of Pete Weber indulged in some rather bad Polish jokes, Conrad Von Metake challanging Ye Old Eddie in ADAG, ROBERT KEATHLEY pushing for the annihilation of sub-private Wroblewski in SHAFT!!....everybody wants to be Polish or thinks themselves an authority on the subject. Amazing!!! All these individuals are being reported to the proper authorities...The Polish NKVD, the dreaded secret police/ bowling team/ anti-defamation squad. We expect these people named above will soon be paid a visit and presented with a summons to the next Edmund S. Muskie Presidential Rally...

WEBSTERSKI'S POLISH DICTIONARY:

POLETROON: n. a Polish cuspidor. Usually found in a Poleroom.

TANKS. n. V.B. (ENG; EXCL) Dziejuke bardzo.

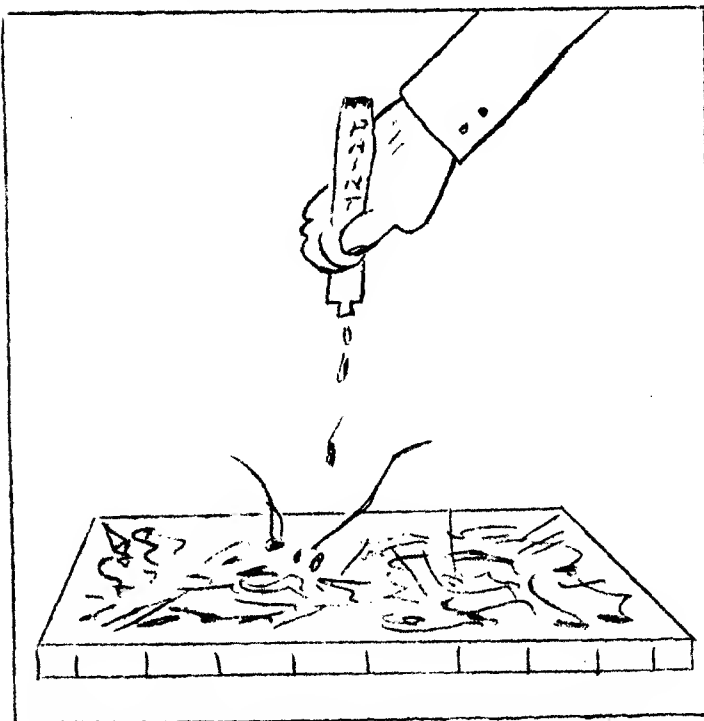
POLEGRAPH. N. Truth detector used in conjunction with the Poleroid Camera.

POXSKI, POXSKI! exclamation. used to proclaim the outbreak of chicken pox in a Polish household. see also: Coldski, Fluski, mumpski, kluski, and sicski.

POLER REGIONS: n. Slavic erogenous regions or zones. Southern slavs especially the left elbow and the big toes.

POLYSPERMY: n. Historical connotation attached to the vicious attack on Mother Russia during the brief periods in History when Russia wasn't mothering Poland. see also OEdipolius.

THE NAME GAME



Identify the famous person, fact or fiction, exemplified by this illustration.

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT DEPT....

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1972: Two Polish professional road racers form an organization P.R.D.A. (Polish Racing Drivers of America) to combat Polish jokes and prejudice. ((Frankly, even I miss the connection. If they call themselves the Knights of the Road, fighting obscene Polish jokes spread throughtout thh truckstops of the country, I could appreciate it. But how many prejudiced anti-Poles can one find in the pits of the Can-AM series races? Even the Mos-Ber series would prove more comprehensible to the spirit of the organization))

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1973 A contest in which competitors were asked to invent names with apposite occupations (THAT'S RIGHT APPOSITE...ONCE IN A WHILE I DO GET THE CORRECT SPELLING). Anyhow....here's two pertinent ones: WLADYSLAW SIMON---Pole Faulter. SALLY FOURTH---QUEEN of Poland.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS COLUMN in the past five or so issues have been (in no special order): Rod Walker, Bob Keathley, John Koning, David Wrobel ("Santa Claus must be North Polish"...not bad for a six year old), The Muckers (who must remain nameless), and others. I hope noone believed that I was the sole source of all this trash....

* * * * *

WINTER 1901

1972 AK

JASTRZAB ONE

AUSTRIA (HORTON): BUILDS ARMY TRIESTE AND ARMY VIENNA. HAS FLEET GREECE, ARMY SERBIA, ARMY BUDAPEST, ARMY TRIESTE, ARMY VIENNA.

ENGLAND (DAVIS): BUILDS FLEET LONDON. HAS FLEET NORWAY, ARMY EDINBURGH, FLEET NORTH SEA, FLEET LONDON.

FRANCE (BOYER): BUILDS ARMY PARIS AND ARMY MARSAILLES. HAS ARMY BURGUNDY, ARMY SPAIN, FLEET PORTUGAL, ARMY MARSAILLES, ARMY PARIS.

GERMANY (BOULANGER): BUILDS ARMY MUNICH. HAS FLEET DENMARK, ARMY KIEL, ARMY RUHR, ARMY MUNICH.

ITALY (HENDRY): BUILDS FLEET NAPLES. HAS ARMY TUNIS, FLEET IONIAN, ARMY ROME, FLEET NAPLES.

RUSSIA (ATTEBERRY): BUILDS FLEET ST.PETERSBURGnc and ARMY WARSAW. HAS FLEET SWEDEN, ARMY RUMANIA, ARMY GALICIA, FLEET SEVASTAPOL, FLEET ST.PETERSBURGnc, ARMY WARSAW.

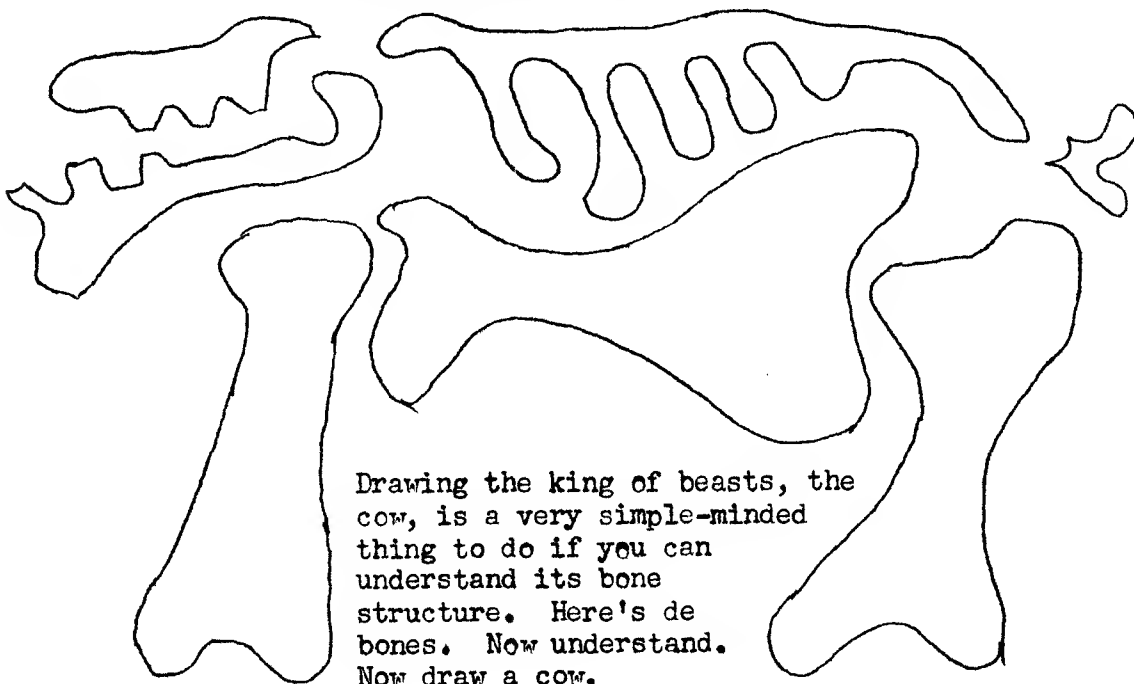
TURKEY (KNUDSEN): BUILDS FLEET SMYRNA. HAS FLEET AEGEAN, ARMY CONSTANTINOPLE, ARMY BULGARIA, FLEET SMYRNA.

THE DEADLENE FOR SPRING 1902 MOVES WILL BE THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1972. PLEASE NOTIFY ME OF ADDRESS CHANGES AND/OR VACATION SCHEDULES.

PARIS: The entire French campaign to capture Belgium failed when the firecrackers did not stir the soldiers to fight. More than half the troops remained in the muddy,damp trenches dug along the French-Belgium border. Genreal Pershing became hopping mad when he visited the front and saw half the French Army sitting on their asses. The records deleted the immediate statements made by the General, but it is recorded that when he finally cooled off, he demanded a top secret meeting of the General Staff. Again, General Pershing's immediate statements were deleted, but it has been made known through the efforts of the Secretary of the French Army that he was hopping mad.

* * * * *

DRAWING LESSON # ONE





TRANSLATION: ONE MIGHT
EXPECT MORE ACTIVE PARTICIPATION
IN PLANNING FROM THE INVENTOR,
MIGHTN'T ONE?

SEVEN POLAND VILLAGE BLVD.
POLAND, OHIO 44514



EISENHOWER-USA



EISENHOWER-USA

FIRST CLASS MAIL

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

FORWARDING AND RETURN
POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Jeff Key

7918 Alpha Road

Apt. 1153

Dallas, Texas 75240